Roxbury, May 1869.

Dear friend May:

You inquire where Dr. Lees is, and how he is to be addressed. I cannot give you any definite information about his movements. A few days ago, he attended a meeting of the National Temperance Union in New York, and may yet be in that city, but he is more probably "on the wing." He is, however, to have a public reception in Boston, Anniversary Week, on the part of the friends of Temperance, and I have engaged to speak, with others, on the occasion. I trust he will be able to attend the Quarterly Temperance Meeting at Leicester, June 3d, in accordance with your suggestion, and will urge him to do so when I see him. Perhaps if you should address a letter of invitation to him, to the care of Hon. J. M. Usher, Editor of "The Nation," Boston, it would speedily reach him. Perhaps no man living is so

P.S. Mr. Villard and Frank tell me they met you in the city yesterday, and that you return to Leicester to-day. I regret to hear that you were not feeling very well. Kindest regards to wife and children.

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thoroughly equipped for the elucidation and defence of the Temperance cause, on a radical basis, as himself. He is a veteran in its service, and deserves as warm a welcome as can be given him.

I see that he was one of the speakers at the anniversary of the American A. S. Society, in New York, last week. But this was not to take sides, of course. The "managers" know how to take advantage of new comers from the other side of the Atlantic.

While Dr. L. is to be excused in this matter, what shall we think or say of Hon. Henry Wilson, — after the many cruel assaults upon him by W. P. and the Standard, — voluntarily attending the meeting, and making a speech expressive of his sense of the importance of the Society continuing its existence? Surely, this is not magnanimity, but a lack of self-respect akin to pusillanimity. Besides, he knows that the Society exerts no appreciable influence upon public sentiment in the present state of the country.

I took a little recreation, a short time since, in a ten days' absence from home in visiting the McKims, and Wendell and Lucy, at the Park in Orange, N. J. I felt all the better for it. I went partly for the accommodation of Rogers, the artist, who is modelling a group consisting of a fugitive slave mother with her babe in her arms, Henry Ward Beecher, Whittier, and myself. I gave him several sittings; Beecher has given him one; but Whittier will have to be "got at" through his photographs. The artist will find it more difficult to get a satisfactory likeness of me than of either of the others; mainly because the spectacles will be missing. But he will succeed as a whole most creditably to himself. He is as modest as he is meritorious. The very first group he modelled was a slave auction; and this was when the act required great moral courage, especially on the part of a young man just beginning a professional life, and dependant upon it for bread. He will probably complete his latest group in the course of another month. I wish him all success for his own sake.

The Sunday I passed in New York, I went to hear O. B. Frothingham, in the new hall which the congregation have decided to occupy, having sold their church edifice to pecuniary advantage. The day was very stormy, the rain falling heavily, and, consequently, the attendance was small. It was the first time the hall had been occupied for that purpose. F. spoke without manuscript or notes, standing outside of the desk. His sermon was radical in its tone, and appropriate to the occasion.

That evening I passed with Phebe and Alice Carey. Among others present were Carpenter, the artist, and Horace Greeley. The latter met me as cordially as though he had, a few days before, complimented me in the highest terms in the Tribune, instead of holding me up, with other Massachusetts abolitionists, (on account of my free trade views,) as "seeking the abolition of everything, from Christianity downwards"! This was a little cheeky — was it not? Susan B. Anthony entered just as I had risen to leave. I did not tarry on that account.

Affectionately yours, Wm. Lloyd Garrison